

A Valean Thanksgiving by Me

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***Chapter 1*: A Valean Thanksgiving by Me**

A Valean Thanksgiving

It had been just a few weeks since the Halloween celebration that had brought the three pairs of adepts together. The story of that fateful night had already circulated through the entire town, much to the adepts' embarrassment. Felix and Piers had gotten off without punishment, the others biding their time as Ivan had suggested. Slowly, their plan for revenge was coming together; the destined date set for the next day, the day of the harvest festival.

"Isaac, wake up," a groggy young man was awoken from his slumber by a soft shake on his shoulder. A cerulean haired beauty greeted him as his azure eyes snapped open, the golden rays of the rising sun illuminating her pale face.

"Morning Mia," Isaac rose up quickly, pecking the woman on the lips. The woman blushed momentarily, taking only a moment to help fix the man's tawny hair.

"Your mother is cooking breakfast," Mia's sapphire eyes sparkled as she helped Isaac from his bed. He followed her willingly as she dragged his body to his closet. Playfully, she pushed him before starting out the door, "So hurry up and get dressed."

"Alright," Isaac sighed, sticking his tongue out at Mia. She returned the gesture before closing the door behind, her footsteps sounding as she walked down the old stairs.

Alone, Isaac started searching through his clothes, his eyes resting on the infinite number of identical blue tunics. He really needed a change in wardrobe. His thoughts quickly turned to the woman who had just left. Mia, his girlfriend, was staying with his family, her own home far up north in Imil. In fact, ever since the prank that Felix and Piers had pulled on them, she had stayed over at his house, not that he minded.

A squeak from below snapped him out of his reverie, his eyes drifting to see a small brown furry ball rolling out of his boots. Flint, his djinni quickly jumped from the floor to his shoulder, resting on it with perfect balance. Isaac sighed once more before tying on his yellow scarf, the single article of clothing having followed him throughout his adventures. That being done, he exited his room, going down to eat breakfast.

Downstairs, his mother, Dora, was busy making breakfast while his father Kyle was talking with Mia about the festival. Isaac quickly sat himself beside Mia, listening in on their conversation as they were waiting to eat.

"We have quite a surplus this year. It will be a harvest festival to remember," Kyle was bragging about the amount of food that the village had grown this year, thanks to the help of the three resident Venus adepts. Isaac, Felix and Kyle had been working year-round to make sure that the plants were growing properly and it had paid off.

"What will you two be doing today?" Dora had finished her cooking, quickly setting the food on the table.

"Nothing special," Isaac responded. He certainly wasn't going to tell his mother about their plan.

"Well, don't disappear for too long with Mia. I don't need grandchildren quite yet."

Isaac and Mia both blushed at the comment. Isaac's mother only smile brilliantly at them as they quickly ate their way through breakfast.

In another building in Vale, not too far from where Isaac lived, two siblings were entangled in an argument that only one could win. Fire seemed to erupt each time they spoke, and considering that one was a Mars adept, that was very much possible.

"I forbid it!" one shouted, a tall man with long black hair. His brown eyes seemed calm, though his voice betrayed his anger. Suddenly, he could feel himself being lifted from the ground, two hands gripping him strongly.

"Felix, you can't stop me!" a lithe brunette woman was holding him up as if he weighed nothing, her brown eyes burning almost red with anger. Mars energy cackled at her fingertips as she glared at her brother.

"Alright, you can have the last slice of pie, Jenna," Felix finally relented, letting himself be lowered to the ground. He turned away disgusted as his sister proceeded to feast on the last piece of pie. It had been pumpkin too, his favorite.

"Don't worry son, there will be more tomorrow at the festival," an older woman who looked very similar to Felix and Jenna said as she worked in the kitchen. (Don't remember her name. So she will be called Felix's/Jenna's mom.)

"Thanks mom," Felix started to leave, but stopped, turning to back to Jenna while she finished devouring the last bit of pie. "What are you going to do today?"

"None of your business," Jenna scowled at her brother before rushing out through the kitchen door, leaving a bewildered Felix behind. He could not know of her secret plans of revenge. Once outside, she set her sights on Gareth's house, licking the remainder of pie off her fingers as she headed up the path.

"Wake up Gareth!" a red-headed boy was shaken out of his sleep as a large pail of water came cascading down onto his face. Looking through his now collapsed long hair, the boy looked up to see a blonde boy with a bucket of water. His russet eyes burned with anger, as he jumped at the boy.

"Ivan, get back here now!" Gareth tried to catch the other boy, though his attempts were to no avail. Ivan, taking his chance for freedom, dashed out of the room, leaving a soaked Gareth behind.

"I'll get him one of these days," Gareth sighed as he let his body flow with Mars energy, the water quickly evaporating off. His hair regained its shape in no time, rising up many inches taller than his head. Dressing quickly in his old clothes, Gareth left his room, ready to eat.

The entire family was gathered downstairs Aaron, Kay, Gareth's father, grandfather, mother, and of course Ivan, though he didn't count as part of the family in Gareth's opinion. They were all busy eating and Gareth quickly joined them, sitting down and helping himself.

"Are you ready for the festival tomorrow, Gareth?" Gareth's mother asked kindly, looking to her son.

"Yes," Gareth tried not to reveal what he and his friends were planning to do. Isaac had told him to keep it a strict secret.

"Good, just make sure that no one gets hurt tomorrow."

Gareth groaned internally. Why did it seem that all mothers were Jupiter adepts?

In a small meadow, Isaac, Mia, Gareth, Jenna, and Ivan sat, waiting for someone else to appear. Sheba was staying at the inn, and she was taking her sweet time to meet them. Luckily, they still had plenty of time to plan their revenge.

"She's late," Jenna stamped her foot impatiently, looking around expectantly.

"She said she'd be here in a minute," Ivan spoke from where he sat. His eyes were closed in deep concentration, probably because he was talking mentally with Sheba. Oh, the joy of being a Jupiter adept.

Suddenly, Sheba walked out into the meadow from the surrounding forest, her short blonde hair flowing slightly in the wind. She brushed off her light tunic before sitting down with her friends, a large case in one of her arms.

"I have the plans ready," she spoke in a cryptic tone, pulling out a long sheet of parchment from the case.

"Hello Piers," Felix greeted his Lemurian friend, walking up to the cerulean haired man and shaking his hand. The man looked at Felix with his golden eyes kindly, greeting him as an old friend.

"Good day, Felix," Piers smiled, looking at the work being done to prepare for the festival. "I see that they have coerced you into helping out."

"Yes, everyone else managed to get out of it. Would you mind lending us a hand?" Piers nodded, going to help Felix work.

"Alright, so tomorrow morning, we implement the plan." Sheba put up the numerous charts she had out, looking to her comrades. "Don't forget your jobs."

"Right," the group resounded before they went their separate ways. Isaac and Mia headed toward their home, Jenna and Gareth toward theirs. An evil grin crossed both Ivan's and Sheba's mouth as they left, their insidious plan coming together.

The entire town was up and celebrating the next day, feasting on the spoils of their work. The eight adepts had a seat of honor at the giant tables, forced to recap their many adventures through Weyward to the townsfolk. Felix and Piers enjoyed the festival with them, unaware of the danger that would soon manifest itself. The hilarity of Flint eating an entire turkey in one gulp distracted them from the eerie feeling as the night went on.

Soon, the celebration was over, the townsfolk retiring to their beds. Ivan, Sheba, Garet and Jenna also left the table together, leaving Isaac and Mia alone with Felix and Piers. They had moved in front of the giant psynergy stone in front of the town, sitting down and relaxing as the stars started flickering above them.

"It was a good harvest this year," Isaac commented, calmly stroking Mia's hair as she rested against him.

"Yeah," Felix watched as a star streaked across the sky, leaving a tiny trail of light in its path.

Their peaceful evening was soon disrupted however, the earth beneath the adepts exploding, sending them flying in all directions. As the dust cleared, a single figure was apparent, a giant knight dressed in black armor stood where they were once sitting. Shock registered in the four adepts eyes; it was the greatest enemy they had ever faced. The knight of despair stood amidst the meadow, Duhallan had returned.

Isaac was the first to attack the knight, only to be swatted down like a fly. Mia followed soon after, falling beside her beloved. Felix and Piers stood their ground however, preparing to defend themselves against Duhallan's attack.

"Do you fools think you can beat me?" a booming voice resounded from within the armor, knocking both Felix and Piers to their knees. This was the end. They looked on in fear as the giant approached them, the crimson eyes staring them down as its gauntlets reached up to remove the fearsome helmet.

Two screams shook Vale in the moments soon after, waking the populace. The shrieks however were soon drowned out by laughter. Isaac, Mia, Ivan, Sheba, Garet, and Jenna, stood

laughing at the two men. Jenna, of course was in the bulky armor and having a hard time keeping her balance, but the work proved to be worth it.

Their revenge fulfilled, the adepts left Felix and Piers where they had fainted, and knowing that they had done what was needed to be done.

Happy Thanksgiving everybody.